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**Fatherless Fanny**

**London**

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AR



# Fatherless Fanny;

OR,

ADVENTURES

OF THE

*Countess of Werdensdorff.*

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A Real and most Extraordinary Narrative.

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WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

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Though choicest gems adorn my brow,  
I once was lowest of the low;  
But various happy turns of fate,  
Has rais'd me to an envied state.

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London :

PRINTED BY R. HARRILD,

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1875

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FATH

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# FATHERLESS FANNY;

OR,

## THE LITTLE MENDICANT.

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**T**HE wonderful incidents that has marked my truly eventful life, has I am perfectly aware given rise to a number of absurd misrepresentations, both in the fashionable and more domestic circles in Berlin, (where I long resided) and in England; I therefore consider it as a duty incumbent on me, having children and grand children, to set the world right in regard to my character and transactions.

I commence this self-imposed task with no unpleasing sensations; my conscience, I thank heaven, is not burthened by the reflexion of any criminal transaction, and I will in every word punctually adhere to the truth; I blush not at revealing my former poverty, but leave false shame to little minds, and bow with gratitude to that Providence who upheld me amidst the tortures of agonising distress.

At the age of five, for I cannot distinctly call any former period to remembrance, I lived with my mother, a genteel delicate looking woman, about twenty-six years of age; sorrow had laid its heavy hand on her, and stamp<sup>t</sup> her features with a peculiar cast, in which a discriminating spectator might read a soft melancholy blended with a perfect resignation to the will of heaven; her looks, in the elegant language of the poet,

"I heave no sigh—I shed no tear,

"But have a silent sorrow here."

Our habitation was small, consisting only of two rooms built one over the other, plainly furnished, but for cleanliness rarely equalled.

My dear mother maintained herself and me, by embroidery, tambour, and other fancy works; she could paint inimitably on velvet; and these talents procured her constant employ, from a large ware-house near Ludgate-hill; the prices they gave were not high, but she was always paid with punctuality and treated with respect.

She was an amiable woman, but did not gain the love of many of her neighbours; the reason was obvious, she did not associate with them; she had no spare time for gossiping, nor would the topics that interested them have been pleasing to her ingenuous mind; she would not suffer me to play in the street with their children, but to amuse me at home, purchased toys that strict prudence would not sanction in a person of her humble circumstances, but this was her only extravagance, and certainly excuseable in so fond a mother.



She never quitted the house but to attend divine service every sunday morning at Pentonville chapel, which was not half a mile distant from our dwelling, and once in each month to receive payment for her work, for the various articles in which she was employed was carried to and from our residence, and her only recreation was reading a few books occasionally, and attending, when the weather would permit, to the culture of a small garden behind the house, which she used to say afforded her both air and exercise; her only visitor was a Mrs. Mayfield, a very respectable looking woman, rather past the meridian of life; she frequently called on my mother and often I was excluded from hearing part of their conversation, and sent out with a little girl, who came at stated times to go of errands and fulfill such domestic offices as her juvenile years would permit.

From a life thus passed so blamelessly as I have described, it would naturally be inferred that slander or illnature could not level its shafts at my mother. But she did not escape its malignancy; the small black lace veil, without which she never appeared out of her own house, was an object of spite, and she was frequently called a poor upstart would-be gentlewoman, one, who if she was good now, had not always been so, they were sure, let her look ever so demure, and some went so far as to assert, merely on their own surmises, that she was a cast off mistress, and her poor Fanny an illegitimate brat. But I was now better known by the name of Fatherless Fanny, an appellation I gained briefly thus :

One Sunday morning as I was standing at the door of our humble dwelling, I was accosted by a venerable looking old gentleman, who having admired the neatness of my dress, and laughed at some very fond expressions I had been using to a little tortoise-shell kitten, which I held in my arms, and who was a great favourite, asked my name, and I quaintly replied, with one of my best courtesys, Fatherless Fanny; this I used from the circumstance of my mother often weeping over me, and thus calling her dear child, though with no intention of my taking that pathetic title; and she was much hurt at the answer I thus gave the stranger, but it was too late to prevent the consequences arising from it; some of the neighbours overheard my reply, and ever after took delight in reminding me of it.

The old gentleman, with a smile, said I was a charming little creature, and gave me a crown to purchase a new frock, and a small piece of foreign coin, which had a hole pierced in it, to wear round my neck. He requested to see my mother, but she returned by the little girl a polite refusal, on the plea of indisposition; he pressed my hand, and departed with visible chagrin; young as I then was, I felt regret at his leaving me, and with many tears returned to the house: I found my mother much agitated, I enquired the cause, but in gentle accents she commanded my silence.

I was a few months turned of seven years of age, when my poor mother was attacked by an indisposition, which she struggled against, in vain; to work, though she attempted, it was impossible, the needle dropt from her feeble hand; she grew daily worse, and

in a short time was wholly confined to her bed, and the mother of the little girl was engaged to nurse her ; she at first flattered herself with hopes of a speedy recovery, alas, her disorder which commenced in an inflammation arising from a violent cold, began to show fatal symptoms ; after a most restless night, my poor mother intreated the apothecary to be candid, and tell her his opinion as to her survival ; after much entreaty, he acknowledged, with tenderness and hesitation, that he had more reason to fear, than hope, and advised her to apprise her friends of the serious indisposition under which she laboured ; my mother thanked him, and promised to lose no time in taking his advice.

She began a letter to her friend Mrs. Mayfield, but was soon after seized with a drowsiness, and she slept several hours ; it was hoped that this rest would be highly beneficial, and indeed she woke seemingly refreshed and composed, and being propt up with pillows, she took some tea and chatted with more cheerfulness than was usual to her ; she then said she would finish her epistle, but the pen was no sooner placed in her hand, than she gave a soft sigh, fell back in the arms of her nurse and expired ; thus serenely died Julia Rivers, to the extreme shock of those around her, for no one had supposed her dissolution to be so near at hand. Young as I was, I felt my loss most keenly, and remained for some time deaf to the voice of consolation.

My mother had not superscribed her letter, and we knew not where to find Mrs. Mayfield ; by the advice of the apothecary, an advertisement was inserted in several of the morning papers, announcing the decease

of Mrs. Julia Rivers, of M——Row, New Road, and requesting some relation or friend to come forward, as she had left a child exposed to a most perilous situation, having no one from whom to claim assistance. But this step proved abortive; her funeral took place, and the furniture, with my mother's clothes, was sold to defray that and other expenses attending on illness. The nurse took the management of this on herself, and I fear attended more to her own interest than mine; and several petty shopkeepers in the neighbourhood brought in bills against the deceased, when, child as I was, I knew them to be unjust, for my mother, till the very day of her death, was exact in paying ready money for every article she used, and frequently was obliged to practise the most rigid economy, to enable her to accomplish this desirable purpose. It was agreed on by all who had any concern in the business, that I must go to the workhouse; the very name thrill'd me with horror, I wept bitterly, and met with severe reproaches for my tears; and cruel were the sarcasms cast on my late mother and my unfriended state, for which they assigned the most malicious conjectures. The day our furniture was removed, the good apothecary, who was the only individual that regarded me with an eye of compassion, took me by the hand, and collecting my few clothes together, ordered them to be sent to his house, whither he conducted me, and introducing me to his wife as a poor little unfriended orphan, desired her to give me shelter, and teach me to be useful in the family; but Mrs. Manningham regarded me with displeasure; she viewed all the actions

of her husband with jealous eyes, and began to suspect I had a natural claim on his protection, and the consequence was, that in his absence she treated me very ill, exacting more from me than one of my tender age could perform, and then punishing me for the omission ; but this was not all, she taught her children to reign over me with despotic sway, and expected from me an abject resignation to their caprice ; when Mr. Manningham by any chance beheld any of their petty acts of tyranny, he revenged my wrongs, and then a serious quarrel between him and his wife was the result ; but he remained fixt in his determination to provide for me till I was of age to provide for myself.

But my situation grew insupportable ; my mind was naturally ardent, enterprising, and somewhat turned on the romantic, and I resolved, notwithstanding my childish years, to beg my bread from door to door, sooner than submit to the cruelty of Mrs. Manningham. I took my opportunity one Sunday while that lady, her husband, and children were gone on an excursion to Windsor, to put one change of apparel into a small basket, and a few articles of provision, alas, much was not within my reach. The maid servant was gone to change her dress against dinner, and the shop-boy went to take a walk ; I then stole softly out of the house ; I knew my way to Holborn, and hither I proceeded ; from thence I wandered on, unconscious where I was going, and indeed indifferent about the matter ; all roads were the same to Fatherless Fanny ; at length I began to tire ; some gentlemen and ladies were getting into a hackney coach, I as-

cended behind, and seated myself very comfortably ; the vehicle drove on, and I was happily unheeded ; we proceeded to a place, which I afterwards discovered was Kensington ; I now considered myself as safe from pursuit ; the summer was now in its luxuriance, the birds sang, all nature looked gay. The road was thronged with well drest people, and my eyes were continually feasted with delightful novelty ; my spirits were elated, and I felt like a captive set free from his gloomy dungeon ; I sat down on some steps, and having appeased my hunger, I purchased some milk of a woman that was going by, and then proceeded slowly forward. I reached Hammersmith at the dusk of the evening, and was considering how I should dispose of myself for the night, when I was aroused from my reverie by a chaise driving up to me, and hearing my own name audibly pronounced, the reader will plainly perceive, that my ignorance of the roads had led me to take the very one through which the Manningham family were returning home ; they beheld me with surprise, but surprise gave way to anger, and I was loaded with reproaches ; I was forced into the chaise, but that against the consent of Mrs. Manningham, who wished me to be left to my fate ; when we returned home, the apothecary and his wife had several words, as he persisted in attributing my elopement to her harsh usage, she at length ended the dispute by a pretended conviction to his arguments, but the very next morning, during his absence, she had her revenge, by giving me a most severe beating, and threatening to repeat it with redoubled force if I made any complaints to Mr. Manningham ;

she then confined me to my chamber for the rest of the day; making her husband believe that she did it to rest my weary limbs after the fatigue I had undergone; however, I must acknowledge, that on the whole, I was better treated after this unsuccessful attempt at flight, but so narrowly watched, that to escape would be next to impossible, and I was made to work very hard, however, fate was preparing a change for me though at first a most painful one.

Mr. Manningham kept a horse to ride round with to see his numerous patients; one hapless morning the animal took fright at the trumpet of an itinerant showman, and starting off full speed flung his rider, who was conveyed home covered with blood and dirt, and in a state that precluded every hope of recovery, indeed he survived but five days. On his death-bed he solemnly vowed to this female fury, that I was no child of his, nor did he ever behold my mother till within a few days of her decease, but he besought her to protect me, and observed that my future services would more than repay her for what trouble and expense she might be at. Mrs. Manningham promised every thing he asked, but with no intention of performing it, for his funeral was scarce performed when telling me to pack up my clothes, she put half a crown in my hand, and with very little ceremony told me to depart, as she was going to settle in the country, and did not want to be encumbered with me. I proceeded into town, asking several women that I met whether any of them could tell me of any person that wanted a girl to run of errands, but met with no success, and

most of them told me I was too young for such an undertaking, for I was not quite nine years of age and had a very delicate appearance: at length it grew quite dark; I was much distressed and could not forbear crying; an elderly woman enquired the cause of my grief; in as few words as I could I told her the particulars of my situation, "Poor child," said she, "you cannot be all night in the streets, give me a shilling and you shall go home with me and have supper and a bed;" I thankfully accepted the offer, and she conducted me to a miserable room where another woman was employed in trying some beef sausages and boiled cabbage; some words passed between them that I could not comprehend, but they seemed perfectly to understand each other, and then they gave me welcome. Hunger gave me appetite, and I drank some porter, which being unused to, had a most superlative effect, and I slept till a late hour the next morning. When I awoke I found myself alone; except the bed I lay on, the room was stripped of every portable article not excepting my tiny bundle, and the very frock and petticoats I had taken off on the over night and the pocket containing all the money I possessed, I hastily descended the stairs, and my cries soon brought out the landlady, who heard my story with frantic passion; the women had lodged with her but two days and were certainly professed thieves; her loss was great, but what was it in comparison to mine; which was my all.

The woman gave me some old tattered rags to cover me, and a pair of worn out shoes belonging to one of her own girls; she was kind enough to make me pay



take of her breakfast, and putting a penny into my hand, I once more became a wanderer in the streets, in worse plight than ever ; and my little heart swelled almost to bursting. With much difficulty I traced my way back to Mrs. Manningham's, and related my unhappy disaster, but she was inexorable, and would give me no more than one shilling, informing me that she was that night to leave her house, and was going some distance into the country. This I afterwards found was strictly true, but she had placed her three children (all girls) at a seminary in Sommers-town, and the companion of her journey was said to be a young Irishman with more *wit* than *money*.

Merciful heaven ! how great were my sufferings for the next four days ! without a shelter for my head, or scarce a morsel to put in my mouth ! faint and weary I sat down near the gates of a gentleman's garden, not far from Mr. Manningham's, for I had kept wandering about unknowing how to dispose of myself ; for I had no spirits to proceed onwards, without money or clothes. As I sat weeping over my sorrows, the gardener passed me, and recollected who I was, as he used occasionally to come and set Mr. Manningham's garden to rights : he heard my story, and sincerely commiserated my condition ; he took me home with him, and I once more tasted the comforts of a plenteous breakfast ; but the good man and his wife were too poor, and had too large a family for to allow them to do any thing for me, and I was just preparing to quit the cottage, when the gardener exclaimed, " A lucky thought has

struck me; I will tie up a few nosegays of Michaelmas flowers, and put them in a basket for this little girl to try her fortune with; it may procure her a few pence, and at any rate it will look better than actual begging."

Almost as soon done as said; the flowers that filled my basket were pleasingly arranged and very choice for the season; and I quitted my worthy benefactors with sincere gratitude. The day was a fortunate one; I had a quick sale for my boquets, and soon counted fifteen pence, and had yet one nosegay in my basket; this chanced to be admired by a fair well dressed cyprion, who was leaning out of a parlour window; a beau that was passing (with a wish no doubt to instill himself into her good graces) presented her with the flowers and me with a shilling, then, hastily knocking at the door, declined to take the change.

I got a lodging with an old woman, for which I was to pay a moderate sum each night. I knew the gardener could not assist me with any more flowers, as the ground was not his own, but I purchased some of a man that lived near, but their quality was inferior, nor did they bring the same success; however I contrived to exist, for it could scarce be called living, till keen winter and chilling frosts terminated my scanty trade, and made me one of the most wretched little beings that ever crawled on the face of the earth. How keenly did I miss my indulgent mother! It was Christmas day; the old woman gave me intimation that I must seek for money to pay my arrears of rent, or make room for them that had cash in their pocket; I

went out with a heavy heart, my poor eyes being frequently tantalized by the sight of joints, poultry, puddings, pies, &c. conveying to the oven, in order to celebrate the day according to a good old English custom. Every face I thought looked joyous but mine; yet I felt no malicious envy at the happiness of others, while I prayed heaven to incline some benevolent heart to attend to me and my miseries. I wandered on till I came to a nice looking house near Bayswater; an old gentleman stood at the parlour window; I raised my voice, and implored for a trifle, as well as my faintness would permit, but a servant scolded me from the door, "Begone," said he, "and work for your living, my master never gives any thing away to beggars, it only encourages profligacy and indolence." I turned my head from the door, but my heart failed me, and I fell to the ground, cold and insensible. The old gentleman's heart was moved to pity, he had me conveyed into the kitchen, a neighbouring apothecary was sent for, who pronounced me in danger of perishing, from the united effects of cold, thirst and hunger. By his directions I was placed in a warm bed, and some light nourishment was prepared for me. On the third day I was able to come down to breakfast with the servants, consisting of a man and a boy; an elderly female as a cook, and a young woman as house-maid, rather too proud, it was soon visible, for her situation, and so much dressed that had I not by previous conversation been apprised to the contrary, I should have thought she was some near relative of the good Mr. Delmore, instead of his servant.

I heedlessly was guilty of the rudeness of sitting down too near this lady ; she drew her clothes round her with an air of disgust, and in a high tone of upstart arrogance told me to move to a proper distance ; I obeyed in silence, but I own it was with some difficulty ; but my patience had yet a severer trial to undergo.

When Mr. Delmore's breakfast was finished, this young woman was ordered into the parlour, from whence she returned with a countenance inflamed by angry passions. " Fine doings," said she ; " master is surely mad, he has ordered me to take this beggar's brat to the nearest ready-made linen warehouse Oxford street can offer, and have her fitted with two complete changes of clothes ! How does he suppose any decent person would be seen with her ? Such whims indeed, he had better go with her himself. I wonder what foolish act he will do next." " Hush, hush," said the cook, " he has a right to do as he pleases ; and between you and I, he might lay his money out to a worse purpose than clothing this poor child." " He may cloath all the children in the parish," exclaimed the offended Margaret, " so that he leaves me out of the business." " Nonsense," said the cook, " let the girl go with me, and all this difficulty will soon be got over ; being seen with a beggar girl will not mar my fortune, or lose me a suitor, I warrant you."

The good old woman and me sat off together, and I was soon suited with every thing, nor was a smart straw bonnet forgotten. I was now dressed as I used to be in my mother's life time, nor was I a little elated, and

returned to Mr. Delmore's in high spirits, looking quite another being; even Margaret seemed to view me with some degree of complacency; such great weight outward appearances has in this world.

The next morning I was introduced to Mr. Delmore, who received me with much condescension, and kindly congratulated me on my amended looks and appearance. "One circumstance," said the good man, continuing his discourse, "I have overlooked; your relations, poor things! no doubt, are rendered still more wretched by your absence, let me send to them, and I will endeavour to ameliorate the poverty of their condition."

The reply that I made, led him to enquire into the minute particulars of my life. While we were conversing, the cook entered the room; "Here child," said she I found this among your clothes, which to tell you the truth, I am going to burn, for they can be of no use to any one." I took the small piece of coin from her hand, which I had till then worn round my neck fastened by a black ribbon; I thanked her, saying, "I should have been very sorry to lose it; as I had long worn it, and never thought of parting with it, in all my distress. Mr. Delmore examined it; O, providence! how miraculous are thy dispensations! he was the very gentleman who had made me that little gift. This highly interested him; he listened to my story with peculiar attention, and mingled tears with mine. From that moment, he resolved to adopt me, and signified his intention as such to the domestics, which caused a great revolution in my affairs; the cook and little

Simon the foot boy, truly rejoiced in my good fortune, while the footman and the proud housemaid Margaret, could not well conceal their vexation and spleen; but in a few days, when they saw that their submission to wait on me was unavoidable, they endeavoured to creep into my good graces by such abject servility, that it only, young as I was, added to the secret contempt I felt for them. When I became more used to the family, I learned the following outlines of Mr. Delmore's history:—Early in life, he was left a widower, with a large independent fortune, most of it consisting of landed property, and a large quantity of diamonds, which his father had brought from India; his only surviving children, were two daughters, twins, and at their mother's decease, they were in their tenth year, and gave promise of their being lovely, interesting women. Mr. Delmore was very proud of his children, and looked forward with anxious expectation to the period (which he did not doubt would arrive) when Louisa and her sister Nerissa, should by their beauty and fortune form connections enviable for their splendour and rank. Mr. Delmore invited to his house, a lady Julia Osmond, a woman of great quality, but indigent in circumstances. She was distantly related to Mr. Delmore on his mother's side. She had never been guilty of any vice, but her imprudences had been many. Her father had lost the chief part of his estates in the rebellion; he left his daughter but a moderate independence; she might have lived happy and respected in seclusion, but a retired life had no charms for her,

and frequently attempting to appear in town in a manner suitable to an earl's daughter, involved her into dilemmas, which would ultimately have consigned her to a prison, but for the kind and liberal interference of Mr. Delmore, who paid all her debts, and even made a handsome addition to her income, on her promise to retire to a small house belonging to that gentleman, near Alnwick, in Northumberland, a promise she had punctually kept. She received Mr. Delmore's invitation to superintend his family, and act as chaperon to his daughters, with rapture, happy to leave a rustic spot, where to use her own phrase, she had for ten years been little better than buried alive. To Mr. Delmore, she was highly serviceable; she procured him a governess of the first rate accomplishments, and by renewing her acquaintance with the beau monde, she obtained for the young ladies the most enviable connections.

Our lovely twins were arrived at the age of seventeen, when the Earl of Ossington made an offer of his hand to Nerissa. He was older than Mr. Delmore, and in personal appearance much inferior, yet his offer was accepted without any reluctance on the part of the young lady, who thought his title, estates, and grand equipage a sufficient compensation for his want of youth, and other *agremens*.

Soon after their nuptials, the earl and countess of Ossington, left England, to make a tour on the continent; their departure, and the sudden death of lady Julia Osmond, made a great alteration in Mr. Delmore's family; Mrs. Elliott, their late governess, no



longer wanted in that office, became companion to Louisa, and they were sincerely attached to each other, and Mr. Delmore literally doated on his daughter, whose beauty and accomplishments, certainly exceeded those of the amiable bride's.

Before a twelvemonth had elapsed, Louisa was addressed by an amiable nobleman, who was very solicitous for the honour of her hand. Mr. Delmore was delighted with the prospects of seeing his wishes with regard to his daughters, so happily accomplished, and he congratulated his child on the conquest she had made; his disappointment was excessive, when Louisa acknowledged that her affections were engaged to another without the power of recall. The object of her love was a young gentleman, a native of Prussia, who on account of some disagreement with his family, left Berlin and entered into the French service, in which he only remained two years before he was taken by the British forces, and brought to England, where he was on his parole when he was introduced at Lord Ossington's to Louisa and her father.

Mr. Delmore saw a thousand reasons why his daughter should renounce the Chevalier St. Lue, and marry his rival, but the young lovers were not of the same opinion, and Louisa being placed under some restrictions by her father, took the first opportunity to escape from the apartment she was confined in to the arms of St. Lue. In less than a month they were united, and during the interim, while the banns were publishing (for as Louisa was under age, they were obliged to have re-



course to that expedient) the fair one remained at the house of some respectable friends, to whom St. Lue was very partial.

From the time of her elopement, Mr. Delmore strictly forbade any person to mention Louisa's name in his presence. He took no steps to recover her, or prevent her marriage, he returned every letter sent by his child or her husband unopened, and the father and daughter became as strangers to each other.

Mr. Delmore disposed of his handsome house in Portman-square, and his carriage, discharged his servants, and went on a tour through Great Britain, unattended by any domestic; and when he met with any place that particularly interested him he would stay there for a few days, thus striving by change of scene to divert his mind from dwelling on the domestic loss he had sustained. Of his daughter he knew no more than what the public papers informed him, that Madame St. Lue had left England with her husband and an infant daughter. His health was but indifferent; he wished to consult an eminent physician in London, and being no longer in fear of inadvertently meeting Louisa there, he returned, after an absence of a year and a half, to the metropolis.

According to medical advice he was to live at a short distance from town, and he chose Bayswater for his residence.

More than ten years had elapsed since Louisa's marriage, yet no reconciliation had taken place between him and his hapless child, nor did he know her

fate. Lady Ossington expired in the seventh year of her marriage of a broken heart; happily she left no children to lament her loss. The cause of her sorrow arose from a union so disproportioned. Nerissa soon found that real happiness did not consist in titles or ostentatious parades; fate threw in her way lieutenant Belmour, a nephew of her husband's; her hour of love arrived;—the attachment was reciprocal, but honour and virtue guided their actions. Belmour exchanged his commission for one that led him on foreign service, and the poor countess fell into a lingering decline, and after years of patient suffering, she fell a victim to sensibility.

Mr. Delmore as he advanced in years felt for Louisa, and reproached himself severely for acting with such severity towards her and St. Lue, and he frequently sought in vain for tidings of them. He fancied that I somewhat resembled his lost daughter, and this idea added to attachment. The morning in which he had presented me with the gift at the door of my mother's dwelling was the only one he informed me that he had ever visited Pentonville, and it was then to visit an expiring friend. He often regretted that my mother would not permit him to see her, as he might have become a warm friend to her, and consequently prevented the miseries I had suffered since her death; he did not doubt he often observed, but she was some amiable ill fated young woman, who like his Louisa had offended a too stern father.

I received from the kindness of Mr. Delmore one

of the best educations possible for a female to have bestowed on them; no expence was spared, and my application and genius keeping pace with the wishes of my instructors, I was pronounced at sixteen to be perfectly accomplished. Mr. Delmore conducted himself towards me as a fond tender parent, and by his command I called him by the endearing appellation of father.

Matters were in this train, when Mr. Delmore and myself were invited to spend a month at the seat of the Earl of Ossington, (a younger brother of the one who married Nerissa,) in Oxfordshire. Among the company who met us, to spend the festivities of Christmas, was the Count de Werdensdorff, a Prussian nobleman; Mr. Delmore and his lordship were perfect strangers to each other, for his lordship had arrived in England but a fortnight; since Lord Ossington had known him abroad. The Earl now introduced them to each other, but the graceful foreigner started back, and had it not been for the timely aid of a glass of wine which Lord Ossington handed to him, I think the Count would have fainted, for his whole frame was agitated and convulsed. On his recovery he thus addressed Mr. Delmore, "You had, sir, a daughter named Louisa." "I had," replied he. "Is she now living?" interrogated the count. "I know not!" said Mr. Delmore in agony; "Who are you that thus interrogate me?" "St Lue, the injured, deceived St. Lue!" he exclaimed, and fell senseless to the ground. All was terror and confusion; the count was conveyed to bed, and a surgeon sent for, who

breathed a vein, and desired his patient might remain for some hours undisturbed. Mr Delmore was most anxious for St. Lue, as for myself I frankly own I was never so interested for any human being.

The Count de Werdensdorff was able to sit up the next morning, and requested the company of Mr. Delmore and myself, whom he supposed to be of near affinity to the family, as I went by the same name; St. Lue gave the following account of himself:

“ At the time of my marriage with Louisa Delmore, I was the third son of the Count de Werdensdorff; a dispute I had had with my family had caused me to enter into the service of the French king, and was brought a prisoner to England. On an exchange taking place, Louisa, with her young infant, accompanied me to France.

My promotion in the French army was rapid; and for two years we lived in the utmost domestic felicity, at a sweet retired villa not far from Paris. I had always kept up a correspondence with my cousin Ferdinand, who occasionally let me know the affairs of my family; he wrote to intreat me to travel to Berlin as rapid as possible, for the old count was very ill, and wished to see his absent son as soon as possible. Ferdinand advised me as I had kept my nuptials secret, to continue to do so till my father's decease. I took an affectionate leave of my Louisa and her infant, and set off for Berlin, where I arrived after a cold and tedious journey. I found that my two brothers had been dead above a year, both of a malignant fever, and my fa-

ther's decease was expected hourly ; indeed, he only survived till the next midnight after my arrival, and from a state of comparative poverty, I suddenly became the Count of Werdensdorff, and in possession of estates and personal property to an enviable amount ; it seemed like a dream to me. I asked Ferdinand why he had not apprized me of my brother's decease ? he seemed somewhat confused, and gave an evasive reply ; I was too much engaged in my own affairs to think deeply on the subject ; I hastened all the arrangements in which Ferdinand was concerned, and I sent him to Paris to escort my wife and child to Berlin, but at the time appointed for his return he came back unaccompanied by the treasures dearest to my soul ! in agonies I enquired for my Louisa and the child ; by degrees he broke out the dreadful intelligence that the unfortunate lady had lost her life by a miscarriage, occasioned by seeing her little daughter expire in convulsions. He brought with him certificates of their burial. I fell into a dangerous melancholy. Ferdinand managed my affairs for me ; I was little more than a cypher in my own castle. Ferdinand married, and in due time had a son and daughter. His children amused me ; I looked on him and his boy as the future Lords of Werdensdorff, for I determined never to marry again, and I took care that their present appearances should keep pace with their future expectations.

About two years since, Ferdinand's son, a lovely boy of twelve years old, and his sister, accompanied their mother on an excursion on the water, with a large

party, a sudden storm arose, and every soul perished.

Ferdinand was struck to the heart; he went into a decline, and after several months suffering, the physicians declared that his dissolution was rapidly approaching.

The poor wretch was in agonies; he said he would give the doctors thousands to recover him, for he must not--could not die; in short, he betrayed every sign of a guilty conscience---guilty indeed! for he confessed to me on his death bed, the fraud which he had committed. The estates of Werdensdorff, in default of my having a son, would go with the title to my daughter; Ferdinand determined to remove my wife and child from me, and secure the succession to himself. He stopped every letter I wrote at Berlin to my wife; and when I sent him to Paris, he made her believe that I was no more, and my father had sent her two hundred Frederics on condition that she returned to England, and signed a paper renouncing all claim on the Werdensdorff estates. This the poor dear injured girl too readily did, and the villain triumphed. After this horrid disclosure, and the assurance that he had never from that hour heard the least tidings of Louisa or her child, he entreated my forgiveness. Death had laid his icy fangs on his frame! In such an awful hour could I withhold it? Heaven forgive me! I fear my pardon was given grudgingly, yet it was given, and Ferdinand expired in my arms, praying that I might be blessed in the restoration of my wife and child.

I awoke, as it were, from a stupor; life no longer seemed a cheerless blank; I had something to hope for.

I settled my affairs as quick as possible; I went to Paris; but after a lapse of so many years, I could meet no traces of my beloved. I recollected Lord Ossington, with whom five years since I had formed an intimacy at Berlin; I knew he was related to the Delmore family by marriage. I embarked for England, and arrived safe at the Earl's seat in Oxfordshire, where I understood from the steward, who it seems knew nothing of the matter, that there was none of the Delmore family surviving; I therefore did not enter on the subject; judge then my surprise when you, my dear sir, were introduced to me, and that charming young lady. Her name is Frances; she is like my Louisa; my child was so named. Surely this must be my daughter! O Sir, do not withhold her from me!"

Mr. Delmore assured him that I was not related to the family, and concisely related my history.

"That does not convince me," said he, "on the contrary, it increases my conjectures. My child was curiously marked on the left shoulder with some purple grapes, and immediately beneath them was a mole in a crescent form."

"I am thus marked," I faltered out, and fainted.

On my recovery I was tenderly embraced by Mr. Delmore and the Count. Lord Ossington was called in and made acquainted with what had passed, and

their wish to find out the Mrs. Mayfield whom I had represented as the visitor of my mother.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the Earl; "the gentleman who superintends my household is thus named!"

She was sent for, and it proved to be Mrs. Elliott, the governess, who had changed her name, and fallen into worse circumstances by marriage. She was the only person to whom Madame St. Lue made herself known on her return to England, and that under solemn injunctions of secrecy. On the decease of Mr. Mayfield, his widow accepted an offer to chaperon two young ladies safely to Bengal: she had not time to call on the fictitious Mrs. Rivers previous to her departure, but trusted a letter with a bank note in it, to be delivered to a person in whom she thought she could confide. A variety of events prolonged her absence to four tedious years; she had then the distress to find her dear pupil dead, her child gone no one knew whither, and it was soon after disclosed that the letter and its contents had been treacherously purloined; she had also the additional pain of finding that she had been advertised for in vain. To apply on the subject to Mr. Delmore she thought of no avail, as she supposed his heart hardened for life against Louisa and her offspring, and she soon after accepted of the situation as housekeeper to Lord Ossington at his Oxfordshire seat.

Thus was I elevated to a rank I never could have had the most remote idea of being entitled to! Thanks



be to my grandfather! I was no disgrace to my dignified station, and the exquisite sensations the venerable man felt on this happy occasion are indescribable. An elegant monument was erected to the memory of my mother, not as the humble Julia Rivers, but Louisa, Countess of Werdensdorff.

The Count never ceased to regret the ill his traiterous cousin had plunged her into. England was hateful to him on her account, and he went to Berlin, accompanied by Mr. Delmore and myself. In less than three years I had the misfortune to bury both these dear relatives, and that at nineteen I became Countess de Werdensdorff in my own right, without a friend to guide or advise me, and tormented daily with solicitations for the honour of my hand; but I was a coquette, and my vanity made me encourage a number of suitors, not one of whom I had really the least attachment for, without being the least guilty in thought, deed, or word. My character begun to tarnish, and this hurried me into a marriage with a ruined rake who was literally a fortune hunter.

By degrees I became little better than a prisoner in my own mansion, while he revelled in licentious pleasures with my wealth; but his career was short; he quarrelled with a Swiss officer about the right of possession to a favorite opera dancer, whom they both admired, and had squandered large sums on, and he fell in a duel which was the result of the altercation; and thus at the age of twenty-three I was released from it

man whose tyranny had led me to despise him, nor had I any children to cement a tie between us.

My former admirers renewed their attentions, but experience had taught me wisdom, and I conducted myself with a propriety no one could impeach. Let every young woman remember, that it is not enough to be virtuous; without your actions are regulated by strict decorum you will not escape censure. I had been two years a widow, when I gave my hand and heart to Albert Wentworth, a young Englishman [of noble family and good fortune. Our attachment was founded on mutual esteem; there never was a happier union; happy even in old age. Our children, and the lovely offspring of my eldest son, form the chief happiness of our declining years. Every third year we paid a visit to my Prussian estates, and our appearance was always hailed with pleasure and gratitude, and our departure witnessed with regret.

FINIS.

# BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

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"MY good friend," said I, "I have nothing to give you." This was addressed to a poor old man in rags, who had approached the coach door, with his red night-cap in his hand. His lips were silent; but his eyes and his attitude asked for charity. He had a dog with him; and the dumb wretch, as well as his master, kept his eyes fixed on me, and seemed to join in soliciting some relief. "I have nothing!" said I, a second time: It was a lie, and betrayed want of feeling. I blushed at having told it.

"Holloa! ho! holloa! horses in a moment!" A berlin had just driven up. The postillions were all in motion. The beggar and his dog advanced; obtained no relief; and retired without a murmur.

A man who had just acted improperly, would be sorry to see another person in the same situation, behave better than himself. Had the travellers in the berlin bestowed any thing on the beggar, I believe it would have given me some pain. I looked after the poor man---he was resting himself on a stone step; and his dog sat before him, with his head on his master's knees: On the same seat was a soldier, whose dusty shoes proclaimed him a traveller. His dog too,

---for he had a dog, was sitting beside him, and regarded all who passed by with a pride which finely contrasted the humility of the beggar's. At this instant, a window of the berlin was let down, and some remains of cold meat, on which the travellers had breakfasted, fell from the carriage. The two animals sprung forward; the berlin drove away, and one of them was crushed beneath the wheel---it was the beggar's dog.

The animal gave a cry---it was his last. The poor old man hastened to his assistance, overwhelmed with the deepest distress. "Honest man!" cried I. He looked sorrowfully round. I threw him a crown piece. He suffered the crown to roll by him, as he took his dog in his arms.

"My friend," said the soldier, holding out his hand, with the money he had picked up; the gentleman gives you this. He is rich; but every body is not so! I have only a dog: you have lost your's; mine is at your service." He tied round his dog's neck a small cord, which he put into his hand, and walked away. The beggar uttered an exclamation of gratitude.

"Good and gallant fellow," said I, "I have only given him money, but thou hast restored to him a friend!"

FINIS.